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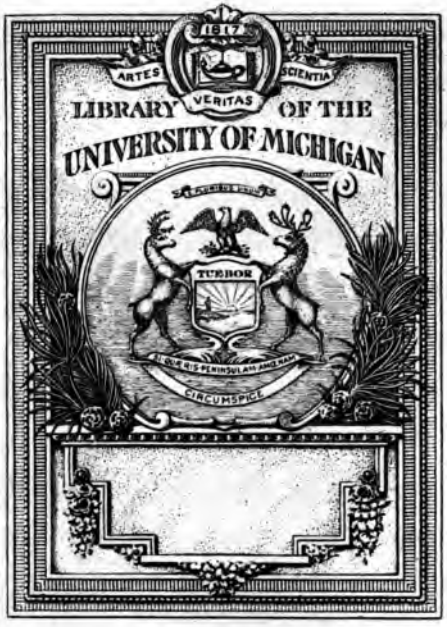
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THE FOURTH BOOK OF *VIRGIL*'s ÆNEID.

Being the Entire

EPISODE

Of the LOVES of

DIDO and *ÆNEAS*.

Tranſlated into *ENGLISH* Verſe.

To which are added the following POEMS, *viz.*

I. On His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.
II. On Her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Montague*, Written in the Year, 1710.
III. Another on the ſame, written in the Year 1714.
IV. An Ode to a Young Lady.

By Mr. *SHERBURN*.

Quis leget hæc?

LONDON: Printed for *J. Pemberton*, at the *Buck* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1723

[Price 1 *s.*]

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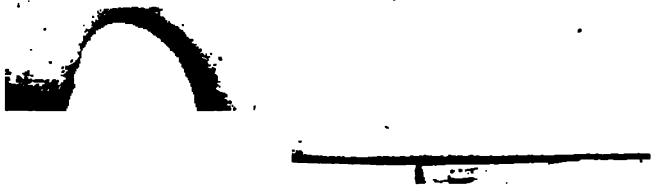

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To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT SUTTON, *Bar.*

ONE OF

His MAJESTY's moſt Honourable Privy-Council,

This Verſion of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL's ÆNEID,

6-7-50 cor

Is Humbly Dedicated, by

His moſt Humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

William Sherburn.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF *VIRGIL's* ÆNEIS.

UT long had waſting Cares the Queen oppreſt,
A ſecret Flame ſhe nouriſh'd in her Breaſt;
Much on the Virtues of the Godlike Man,
And his high Race her reſtleſs Fancy ran;

Fix'd in her Heart, his Looks, his Words remain,
Nor any Peace allows her waking Pain.
The Morn ſucceeding had recall'd the Day,
And chas'd the humid Shades of Night away,
When to her Siſter, Partner of her Woes,
She did the Sickneſs of her Soul diſcloſe.
O *Anna*, Siſter, what ſad Dreams inſpire
Diſtracting Doubts, and ſet my Veins on fire?
What gallant Stranger this within our Court?
His Form how graceful, how ſublime his Port?
In hardy Toils of War how prov'd is he?
Sprung from th' immortal Gods he needs muſt be!
Degenerated Souls mean Fears betray,
Ah thro' what wond'rous Fates made he his Way!
What vanquiſh'd Dangers did his Story lay?
If in my Mind I leſs determin'd were,
No ſecond matrimonial Bands to bear;
Since Death depriv'd me of my former Flame,
Were not the bridal Bed a hated Name,
To this one Fault I could perhaps give way;
For *Anna*, I muſt own from that dire Day

When by a Brother's Hand *Sichæus* fell;
This, this the only Man could e'er compell
My yielding Mind, or on my Senſes gain!
I feel the Symptoms of my Virgin Pain.
But rather may the Earth extending wide
It's Jaws, in Caverns deep this Body hide;
Or may I by th' Almighty Thund'rer's Blow
Be ſent to wander with the Ghoſts below;
E'er I my Sex's ſacred Laws profane,
Or dearer than my Life, my Honour ſtain;
Let him that firſt join'd Hands my Wiſhes have,
With him they fled, he keeps them in the Grave.
So having ſaid, down her fair Boſom ran
A Flood of tears, and *Anna* thus began;
O my *Eliza*, to your Siſter far
More ſweet than Light or all Enjoyments are;
Would You your Bloom in Solitude deſtroy,
Childleſs, and Stranger to each nuptial Joy?
Think You what paſſes here the Dead e'er know,
Or make ſuch Things their Care? admit 'twere ſo:

Your decent Sorrows to *Sichæus* paid,
No former Overtures of Marriage ſway'd:
Was not *Hiarbas* treated with Diſdain,
And have not other Princes ſu'd in vain,
In *Africk* ſprung, for Triumphs rich in Fame?
And would You now oppoſe a pleaſing Flame?
Beſides reflect You, timely, where You ſtand,
What Dangers ev'ry way inveſt your Land:
Getulians here, a warlike Race, incloſe;
The fierce *Numidians* there their Pow'rs oppoſe;
Shoals inacceſſible on this ſide bound,
There nought but Wilds, and thirſty Deſarts found;
Thence the *Barcæans* breathe Deſtruction far;
Not to recount *Pygmalion*'s Threats of War.
By *Juno*'s Favour, and indulgent Heav'n,
It ſeems to me the *Trojans* here were driv'n.
Oh ſhould You, Siſter, with *Æneas* wed,
How would this City and this Empire ſpread!
The *Trojan* Proweſs, once, with *Tyrian* join'd,
Thy Glory, *Carthage*, muſt be unconfin'd!

You

You only to the Temples need repair,
And in your Favour gain the Gods by Pray'r,
The Gods appeas'd, with ev'ry Art detain
Your Gueſt, while Winter Storms rage o'er the Main,
While 'twill, of courſe, impracticable be
For unrefitted Ships to dare the Sea.
With Words like theſe did *Anna* feed her Flame,
Reſolve her Scruples, and o'ercome her Shame.
Firſt to the Temples, then, they haſte away,
And ſeeking Favour at the Altars ſlay
An Ewe of two Years growth, ſo Rites enjoin,
To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, and the God of Wine.
To *Juno* chiefly the Religion bows,
To *Juno*, Guardian of the nuptial Vows;
The Goblet in her Hand, the beauteous Queen
Officious pours the ſacred Juice between
A Milk-white Heifer's Horns, or ſweeps around
The Statues of the Gods, with Rites profound;
Repeats her Off'rings, nice Inſpection makes
On reeking Entrails, and their Omen takes.

But Prieſts, alas! are blind, and Vows are vain,
What Aid can Temples bring the Lover's Pain?
The ſubtle Flame pervades her ev'ry Part,
And the cloſe Wound lies feſt'ring in her Heart.
The wretched *Dido* burns, nor knows ſhe Reſt,
But raves the City thro' like one poſſeſt.
So when a Hind in *Cretan* Coverts lain,
Heedleſs of Danger, the purſuing Swain
Tranſfixes with a Dart at random thrown,
The Dart ſticks faſt, tho' to the Swain unknown:
She, flying, ſeeks the Woods and Foreſts wide,
The mortal Shaft ſtill cleaving to her Side.
Now o'er the Ramparts with her Gueſt ſhe ſtrays,
Her City, and her *Tyrian* Wealth diſplays.
She ſpeaks, then faulters, ſhe attempts again
Her Words to utter, but attempts in vain:
The Day declines, ſhe bids a new Regale,
And raves afreſh to hear th'enchanting Tale
Of *Ilian* Toils, and as the Hero tells
In laſting Raptures on his Tongue ſhe dwells.

Her

Her Guests retir'd, as *Cynthia*'s paler Light
And falling Stars to gentle Sleep invite,
She mourns alone, incapable of Rest,
And grows with Passion to the Place he prest:
Before her Eyes tho' absent he appears,
And all he said or did, the sees and hears;
Or young *Ascanius* on her Lap detains,
And with the Father's Image sooths her Pains;
The Bulwarks in their Rise suspended stand,
No Arms seen poising in the Soldier's Hand,
The Youth no Mole nor Fortresses prepare,
To guard against the Shocks of future War;
The Works lie drooping in a languid State,
And the Walls climb not to the flatter'd Height.
But when the Wife of *Jove* saw, from above,
Eliza thus abandon'd to her Love,
And how the Frenzy ev'n o'er Fame prevail'd,
Accosting *Venus* thus *Saturnia* rail'd:
A mighty Triumph this, high Honours won
By your Atchievement and your hopeful Son!
Two potent Gods a Woman have undone!

I'm not to learn how *Carthage* wak'd your Fear
With ſtrange Miſgivings for *Æneas* there;
But muſt we then eternally contend?
Much better 'twere theſe Warrings had an End;
Let Factions in a nuptial Treaty ceaſe,
Hence be the Groundwork of a laſting Peace;
You now accompliſh'd ſee your full Deſire,
Eliza loves, and deep ſucks in the Fire;
Trojans and *Tyrians* then be hence the ſame,
Alike their Pow'r, their Policy, and Name:
A *Phrygian* Lord let *Dido* hence obey,
Her riſing *Carthage* for a Dow'r convey,
And give her *Tyrians* up to *Venus*' Sway.
But Beauty's Queen reply'd, (for well ſhe ſaw
Her Wiles, the *Latian* Sceptre to withdraw
To *Libyan* Climes) None ſure ſo madly vain
To war with *Juno* that could Peace obtain,
If equal Fortune on the Project wait;
But I, a Stranger to the Will of Fate,
Uncertain am how ſtands the mighty *Jove*,
If he this Union, or ſuch Leagues approve,

Or

Or wills both Nations in one Town confin'd:
You are his Conſort, and may learn his Mind:
Purſue the Thought, I'll ſecond the Deſign.
Juno with Warmth reply'd, that Care be mine:
Now *Venus* liſten, in few Words you'll hear
How Things propos'd at once are brought to bear:
Soon as the riſing Sun, with cheerful Rays,
The various Proſpect of the Globe diſplays,
Æneas and the wretched Queen prepare
With Hunting to divert to-morrow's Care;
While then the Toyls the ſavage Haunts ſurround,
And echoing Woods with eager Shouts reſound,
I ſuddenly o'er all a blended Show'r,
Rain charg'd with Hail, will from *Olympus* pour;
I'll drive the Thunder thro' the troubled Skies,
All round the ſcatter'd Troop ſhall Darkneſs riſe;
To the ſame Cave, by my auſpicious Care,
Shall *Dido* and the *Trojan* Chief repair;
And if an equal Warmth your Will incline,
I'll preſent be, in a firm Union join
The princely Pair, and make the Nuptials mine.

Venus conſents; and having trac'd her Wiles,
Pleas'd to her ſelf the *Cyprian* Goddeſs ſmiles.
Mean while *Aurora* riſes from the Main,
When iſſue from the Gates the youthful Train;
The Spears, the Toils, and ſwift *Maſſylian* Horſe,
With well-nos'd Hounds, all haſten to the Courſe;
The Queen remains the laſt; with decent State,
The *Tyrian* Nobles at the Palace wait;
Glitt'ring in Gold her Courſer ſhifts his Feet,
Darts his fierce Eyes, and champs the foamy Bit:
In a rich *Tyrian* Dreſs at length the Queen
Surrounded with a num'rous Train is ſeen,
Her Quiver Gold, her Hair confin'd in Gold,
And golden Loops her purple Veſt infold.
The *Phrygians* and the joy'd *Aſcanius* go,
Each marching forward with a graceful Show;
But far above the reſt *Æneas* ſhines,
And all majeſtick the Proceſſion joins.
As when from *Xanthus'* Streams *Apollo* ſtrays,
And to his native Iſle the Viſit pays,

He

He bids the Dance; *Cretans* and *Driops* ſing,
The Groves with *Agathyrſian* Voices ring,
O'er *Cynthus*' Heights he roves, rich Odours flow
Around his fragrant Locks, the Lawrel Bough
All tipt with Gold adorns his youthful Brow,
His ratling Darts upon his Shoulders ſound:
With ſuch a Preſence was *Æneas* found,
Active like him, nor with inferior Grace,
Not leſs the Luſtre that o'erſpread his Face.
Soon as the Mountain Tops the Rout aſcend,
The wild Goats various from the Summits tend;
The Stags acroſs the Plains and Vallies ſcour,
Beat up the Duſt, and from the Mountains pour:
But young *Aſcanius* on his aery Steed,
Exulting, proves with ev'ry Horſe his Speed,
And all outſtrips, then glows with youthful Rage,
The Boar or tawny Lion to engage.
When lo! the angry Sky begins to lower,
The Thunder rowls, and ſwift ſucceeds a Shower,
Rain ſtreak'd with Hail, diſperſing variouſly
The *Trojans*, *Tyrians*, all, for Shelter fly

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Or dearer than my Life, my Honour ſtain;
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O my *Eliza*, to your Siſter far
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Would You your Bloom in Solitude deſtroy,
Childleſs, and Stranger to each nuptial Joy?
Think You what paſſes here the Dead e'er know,
Or make ſuch Things their Care? admit 'twere ſo:

Twice was he ſav'd for this: To bear Comm
He was appointed o'er the *Latian* Land,
(A Land of People fierce, whoſe fruitful Wo
Holds Empires in reſerve for Times to come)
To late Poſterity his Race convey,
And ſubject the wide World to civil Sway.
But if a Fame ſo vaſt can fail to fire,
Nor his ſlow Thoughts to ſuch high things aſp
Yet would a Father intercept the Fame
Due to *Aſcanius* from the *Roman* Name?
What Proſpect in the hoſtile Land detains?
Why ſlights he thus his Race and deſtin'd Plai
Bid him depart; the ſum of this my Will.
Bear thou my Son: When *Hermes* to fulfill
The dread Command,
Firſt to his Feet his ſhining Pinions tie,
(Theſe, if aloft o'er Land or Seas he flies,
Swift bear him on,) then in his eager Hand
He graſp'd, incontinent, the myſtic Wand:
Souls purified, with this, he calls to Light,
And ſends down others to infernal Night;

Sl

Sleep he imparts, and chaſes Sleep away,
* And Eyes unfolds upon the Funeral Day:
To this the Winds and ſullen Clouds give way.
Now onwards as his Courſe the God divides,
He ſees old *Atlas*' Top, and rugged Sides;
Atlas, whoſe bearing Crown the Heav'nis ſuſtains,
The Mark of ruffling Winds and beating Rains:
Tall Pines upon his Head aſpiring grow,
And everlaſting Clouds o'erſhade his Brow;
Cloſe are his Shoulders wrapt in fleecy Snow,
Streams daſh his Chin, thence down impetuous [flow,
And from his Beard fork'd Ice a Horror throw.
Stooping on balanc'd Wings, *Cyllene*'s God
Here fix'd awhile, then tow'rds the briny Flood
He ſhot himſelf full fierce; as oft is ſeen
The Bird that plays the fiſhy Cliffs between,
Now rounds the Shores, now skims the watry Plains:
Cyllenius thus th'adapted Flight maintains;
O'er *Libyan* Sands the Winds his Pinions plough,
Down gliding from his Grandſire *Atlas*' Brow.

* *This refers to a Cuſtom among the ancient* Romans *of opening the Eyes of the Deceas'd upon the Funeral Pile, which Office* Virgil *here aſcribes to* Mercury.

Soon as his feather'd Feet declining fell
On the low Roof of the Suburbian Cell,
He ſees *Æneas* entertain his Hours
In forming Palaces, erecting Towers;
His Sword, the Sheath adorn'd with Jaſper Stone
Diſplay'd in Studs, with ſtarry Luſtre ſhone;
Bright of the *Tyrian* dye his Mantle glow'd,
And graceful from his Shoulders looſely flow'd:
This from the beauteous Queen a Token came,
Her ſelf with Gold had interwove the ſame:
When thus the God, Doſt thou the Structures place
Of riſing *Carthage*, to thy own Diſgrace?
And for a Woman's Fame, a Town prepare,
Alas! neglectful of thy great Affair?
The King of all the Gods, whoſe awful Sway
The Heav'ns above, and the low World obey,
Diſpatch'd me from his Throne with this Command,
What means thy Loitring in the *Libyan* Land?
If the bright Scene of things, reveal'd by Fate,
To virtuous Toils can fail to animate;

Yet

Yet young *Aſcanius*' Hopes, thy Son, thy Heir,
His Expectations ſhou'd awake thy Care;
On whom, by the peculiar Gift of Fate,
Devolves the Glory of the *Roman* State.
Cyllenius thus: Then ſudden took his Flight,
In Air far vaniſhing from mortal Sight.
But quite confounded at th' appearing God,
With Hair erect, *Æneas* ſpeechleſs ſtood;
He rages to depart the bliſsful Land,
Struck with the Horror of the great Command;
But what alas to do, or where begin!
What Words to offer to the burning Queen!
Ten thouſand ways his hurrying Thoughts divide,
And ſnatch him unreſolv'd on every Side;
At length each Motive with Attention weigh'd,
This ſeem'd with faireſt Proſpects to perſuade:
His truſty Captains ſummoning to meet,
He gives in Charge th' equipping of the Fleet,
To gather down the Men, but whence aroſe
The ſudden Change, they ſhould to none diſcloſe;

And as the beauteous Queen would little dream
Of ſpeedy Ruptures in ſo fierce a Flame,
As Seaſons offer'd to approach her Heart,
Himſelf the fatal Tidings would impart,
And thence his Meaſures take. With eager Joy
They hear his Orders, and his Will obey.
But ſoon the ſubtle Wile the Queen deſcries,
(Who e'er could guard againſt a Lover's Eyes?)
Her ruminating Breaſt firſt took Alarm,
Perplex'd with Fears where moſt ſecure from Harm;
That Monſter Fame, deſtructive, brings to Light
The Fleet's refitting, and intended Flight:
Senſeleſs ſhe wanders all the City round,
Like *Thyas*, when provokes the ſacred Sound,
When *Bacchanals* in midnight Rites engage,
And loud *Cytheron* bellows out their Rage.
At length the Fulneſs of her Heart prevails,
And thus *Æneas* ſhe in Terms aſſails;
And couldſt thou hope, Perfidious, to diſguiſe
Thy fell Attempts, and leave me by Surprize?
Could

Could not our Love diſſuade, the Faith you gave,
Nor *Dido* haſting to a cruel Grave?
Nay when the wint'ry Signs all cloud the Air,
When North Winds blow, doſt Thou to launch pre-
Cruel? ſay, foreign Roofs, nor alien Land, [pare,
Call'd Thee away, thy *Troy* ſuppoſe to ſtand;
Would ev'n thy *Troy* a fit Inducement be,
To riſque the Dangers of a raging Sea?
Me would'ſt Thou fly? Oh by theſe flowing Tears,
By that right Hand, that Form, and all that bears
Th' Impreſſion of thy Vows, that all I've left,
Of ev'ry valu'd Thing beſide bereft;
By nuptial Ties, by our firſt Spring of Love,
If once I have obliged, if e'er could move,
Or I, or mine; ſome tender Pity pay
A falling Houſe, and if Entreaties ſway,
Baniſh, oh! baniſh far ſuch Thoughts away;
Each Prince, each State have I incens'd for You,
Loſt the Affections of my *Tyrians* too,
For this fame You have I extinguiſh'd Shame,
And foil'd the Glory of my former Fame;

Say then, for whom you leave me to Deſpair,
Say Stranger, ſince that Conſort now reſts there;
Why live I 'till *Pygmalion* ſcale theſe Walls,
Or weeping *Dido* a mean Captive falls
Beneath *Hiarbas'* Hand? Ah could I, ere
This Flight, at leaſt by Thee but boaſt an Heir,
Within my Court a young *Æneas* ſee,
One that in Feature but reſembled thee,
I ſhould not all betray'd, not all forſaken be.

She paus'd; but He a fix'd Regard maintains,
Forewarn'd by *Jove*, and quells his riſing Pains:
At length returns, The Bounties, Queen, you tell,
I own are many, and all Words excell;
And while I ought of Senſe or Life retain,
With Honour in my Breaſt will *Dido* reign;
But briefly to reply, I neither ſought
To fly unſeen (reject th' injurious Thought)
Nor made Pretences to the nuptial Band,
No ſuch Alliance drew me to your Land;
Would Fate, ſo far indulgent to my Pray'rs,
Permit me, to my Wiſh, to cloſe my Cares,

Well ſhould I rev'rence firſt my native Soil,
Thoſe dear Remains would firſt invite my Toil;
Priam's fall'n Court again its Arches ſpread,
And *Troy* from Ruins readvance its Head:
But *Latium* the *Grynæan* God enjoins,
To this the *Lycian* Oracle confines,
To this my Love, my Country too, reſigns.
If You, *Phœnician* born, in *Carthage* reign,
Whoſe riſing Tow'rs o'erlook the *Libyan* Plain,
What Envy, Queen, if we the Sons of *Troy*
The like Repoſe in *Italy* enjoy?
Oft as the Shades of Night o'er Earth extend,
Or as the radiant Stars to rule aſcend,
My Father anxious in my Sleep appears,
Warns me away, and ſtrikes my Soul with Fears;
My Son *Aſcanius* ſeems to chide my Stay,
Wrong'd of *Heſperia*, and his deſtin'd Sway;
And now from *Jove* himſelf deſcends thro' Air,
Charg'd with Commands, the God's great Meſ-
ſenger,

(Witneſs

(Witneſs each Godhead) thro' the Walls he flew,
Theſe Eyes beheld him in an open View,
Within my trembling Ears the Voice I drew;
Ceaſe then repining to augment our Pains,
I ſeek not, by my Choice, *Italian* Plains.
The Queen, with Eyes diſdainful, as he ſpoke,
Survey'd him round, obſerv'd his ev'ry Look
In wild Amaze, and thus her Fury broke.
Nor Goddeſs born wert thou, perfidious Man,
Nor e'er from *Dardanus* thy Race began;
On ſome bleak Mountain ſavage wert thou bred,
The Birth of Rocks, with Milk of Tygers fed;
For why diſguiſe or doubt a Thing ſo clear,
Or has he heav'd a Sigh, or ſhed a Tear,
Once chang'd a Look, or lent a pitying Ear?
Where can I turn? nor *Jove* nor *Juno* now
Looks down with equal Eyes on Things below,
All Faith is fled: a Wand'rer toſt and bare
I refug'd, made him in my Kingdom ſhare,
His ſhatter'd Fleet and fainting Friends my Care:

And now, Diſtraction of my Soul, he tells
Of warning Gods, and *Lycian* Oracles:
Now, big with dreadful Embaſſies, thro' Air
Deſcends, forſooth, the God's great Meſſenger.
Well would the righteous Gods direct their Care!
Well would ſuch Things diſtract their ſweet Repoſe!
But I nor hold thee, nor thy Guile expoſe.
Purſue this *Italy* that courts Thee ſo,
Thro' Winds thro' Waves in chaſe of Empire go;
I hope indeed, if Heav'n ſuch Crimes regard,
'Midſt Rocks Thou'lt deeply drink thy juſt Reward,
And call, in thy Diſtreſs, on *Dido*'s Name;
Dido ſhall anſwer in a boding Flame;
And when pale Death theſe feeble Limbs embrace,
My Ghoſt ſhall follow thee from Place to Place;
Vengeance ſhall reach thee with redoubled Woe,
I'll hear: it ſhall be told in Worlds below.
Here ſhe broke off, and fainting ſhuns the Light,
Her Eyes withdrawing from his odious Sight,
Leaving him doubtful, and perplex'd in Mind,
What to reply, or what Reſource to find:

(Wandring Guiltless from the Wa
Their Eyes behe[ld] him in an open Va
Within my [illegible] Land the Voice
Could them [illegible] support our P
Look not, [illegible] Phi
The Queen, [illegible] as
Survey'd him round, [illegible] ev'ry
In wild Amaze, and [illegible] Fury bre
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Nor e'er from [illegible] Race be
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The Queen, her Handmaids to her Couch convey,
And her faint Limbs upon the Mattreſs lay.
Æneas, pious Chief, tho' much he ſtrove
T' aſſwage her Grief, half vanquiſh'd by his Love,
Yet pays Obedience to the God's Commands,
And views the Fleet: then ply the *Trojan* Bands
Their various Toils, the Ships they heave from Shore,
The Navy floats, green Saplings form the Oar,
With Eagerneſs of Flight, they hurry down
Rude Heaps of Timber, from the Woods half [grown.
In Crowds you ſee them pouring from the Town.
As when the painful Ants, with Winter's Dread,
Pillage the Corn, and in their Cells unlade,
The blackning Troops march out, and bear away,
Thro' narrow, graſſy, Paths, the pond'rous Prey;
Some ſtraining roll th' unwieldy Grains along,
Part urge Diſpatch, part diſcipline the Throng,
The way's all Fervour as the Work grows ſtrong.
Ah *Dido* what muſt thy Diſtraction be?
What Sobs convuls'd Thee, when reduc'd to ſee,

From thy high Tow'rs, the burning Fury ran,
Along the Shores, and Feaver of the Main?
Ah Tyrant Love, what Hardſhips and what Woe,
To mortal Breaſts, from thy Dominion flow!
Again ſhe melts in Tears, again ſhe flies
To ſoft Complaints, again with Love complies;
That no Expedient might remain untry'd,
To give her Soul Relief before ſhe dy'd.
See, *Anna*, the Diſpatch prevails all round,
The joyful Mariners their Ships have crown'd;
Behold the Men from ev'ry Quarter join'd,
And now the ſpreading Sheets invite a Wind:
Had I, alas! foreſeen this Weight of Woe,
I had been faſhion'd to ſuſtain the Blow:
This one kind Office for your Siſter do,
The faithleſs Man would ſtill diſtinguiſh You,
To You his inmoſt Thoughts he would reveal
You all his Manner and his Times could tell;
In my behalf, let me intreat You, go,
And gently argue with the ſtubborn Foe;

I ne'er was ſworn, with *Grecians*, to deſtroy
The *Trojan* State, no Fleet ſent I to *Troy*;
Nor was his Father's Grave profan'd by me:
Ah how then can he thus obdurate be!
Where tends this furious Haſte? oh let him wait
A milder Seaſon, and a ſafe Retreat!
That Love he has betray'd, I ask no more,
Nor to renounce his Realms, nor tempting *Latian*
Shore:
I pray but ſome ſhort Time, a ſmall Reprieve,
'Till taught by Sorrows decently to grieve;
Indulge ſo far, I beg, a Siſter's Pain,
And at my Death the Boon ſhall doubly gain.
So ſhe entreats: her weeping Siſter bore
The mournful Suit, and preſt it o'er and o'er;
But he's inflexible to Pray'r or Tear,
Fates interpoſe, and *Jove* forbids to hear.
So when North Winds on *Alpine* Hills contend,
From his fix'd Seat ſome well-grown Oak to rend,
The Tempeſt roars, and Leaves o'ercharge the Plain,
But wedg'd in Rocks he braves the Hurricane;

High as in Air his tow'ring Branches ſhoot,
As deep he buries in the Earth his Root:
Such was the War of Words, and ceaſeleſs Prey'rs,
On all Sides combated, the Hero bears,
Deep in his Breaſt he feels the working Pain,
But ſtill is fix'd, and Tears ſtream down in vain.
Then 'twas the Queen grew weary of the Light,
Malignant Fates her harraſs'd Soul affright.
She calls on Death; and what confirm'd her more,
In the dire Purpoſe ſhe had form'd before,
As at her Altars miniſtring ſhe ſtood,
She ſaw the Water pure transform to Mud,
The ſacred Wine, in pouring, change to Blood.
This direful Omen ſhe from all conceals,
Not to her faithful Siſter this reveals.
There ſtood within the Court, of Marble Frame,
A Chappel ſacred to *Sichæus*' Name,
With ſnowy Fleeces, and with Garlands clad,
And highly by the Queen in rev'rence had:
Oft when the Dead of Night obſcur'd the Skies,
Would more than mortal Voices hence ariſe;

Sichæus calling hence ſhe ſeems to hear,
The Voice importunate would wound her Ear;
From lonely Roofs the Screech-Owl wild complains,
And doleful dirges out his weeping Strains;
And other tokens of approaching Fate,
(Old Prophets held) a boding Dread create:
Æneas, cruel, ſtabs her in her Dreams,
Then unattended, all alone, ſhe ſeems
To wander far in a forſaken Land,
And ſeek her *Tyrians* o'er the dreary Strand;
Like *Pentheus*, when the fancied Fiends ariſe,
Thebes and the Sun ſhew double in his Eyes.
So mad *Oreſtes* on the Tragic Stage,
Flies, in wild Agonies, his Mother's Rage.
She waves her Torches, her black Snakes amate,
And the dire Siſters intercept the Gate.
Now vanquiſh'd was her Soul, with Grief de-
And all the Furies entred in her Breaſt; [preſs'd,
Full fix'd within her ſelf to end her Days,
The Time, and Manner of her Death ſhe weighs,

With

With feign'd Diſcourſe her Siſter's Grief beguiles,
And ſhrowds the Purpoſe of her Mind in Smiles.
Anna rejoice, at length I've gain'd an Art,
Or to reclaim, or drive him from my Heart.
Far ſeaward, bord'ring on the ſetting Sun,
Wide Tracts of ſwarthy *Æthiopians* run,
Where Giant *Atlas* does the Spheres controul,
His Shoulder wielding round the ſtarry Pole;
A Prieſteſs hence, *Maſſylian* born, for Skill
Far fam'd in Magic, waits upon my Will:
This ſhe, th' *Heſperian* Temple had in guard,
The wakeful Dragon's Food 'twas ſhe prepar'd,
With ſtupifying Drugs ſhe ſeal'd his Eyes,
And on the Tree preſerv'd the ſacred Prize;
She undertakes to charm the Mind to Peace,
And graff bewildering Cares on Minds at Eaſe,
She checks the Floods, revers'd the Planets ſtand,
And midnight Spectres wake at her Command:
You'll ſee the bell'wing Earth her Boſom rend,
And from their Holds the Mountain Aſh deſcend.

Witneſs

Witneſs ye Gods, and thou my Siſter dear,
With what Regret I make theſe Rites my Care;
Anna, do you a Pile in ſecret raiſe,
Within the Court, thereon his Garments place,
His Armour too, and laſt o'er all be ſpread
That Ruin of my Peace, the bridal Bed;
Whate'er of him the leaſt Remembrance claims,
The Prieſteſs orders be conſum'd in Flames.
She charg'd her Siſter thus; and having ſaid,
A deathlike Paleneſs o'er her Viſage ſpread.
But *Anna* little in her Thoughts devis'd,
Theſe ſpecious Rites her Siſter's Death diſguis'd,
Or dream'd a Fate ſeverer would betide
Than when untimely her *Sichæus* dy'd:
Therefore prepares her Will.
But when of cloven Oak, and Torches mix'd,
Within a Part remote the Pile was fix'd,
The Queen with various Flow'rs arrays the Ground,
And hangs the Place with Fun'ral Garlands round,

The

The ſev'ral Relicks then in Order ſpread,
he plac'd his Sword and Image on the Bed,
Alas! too conſcious of the coming Dread:
The Altars ſtand around, with flowing Hair
The Prieſteſs thunders out the magic Pray'r,
a lab'ring Sounds, three hundred Gods calls o'er,
Chaos, and *Erebus*'s gloomy Pow'r,
nvoking threefold *Hecat'* in the Storm,
Or chaſte *Diana* in her triple Form.
Then ſeems the conſecrated Ground to ſlake,
With fancy'd Waters from th' *Avernian* Lake;
a its full Strength ſelects each pois'nous Flow'r,
With brazen Sickles cropt in midnight Hour;
Laſt, the green Forehead of a Fole to prove,
The Dam's defrauded of the Pledge of Love;
The Queen, devoted at the Altar, ſtands,
The leaven Off'ring in her zealous Hands,
Her Garment flowing, and her left Foot bare,
he turns to ev'ry God and conſcious Star,

To ev'ry Pow'r, to whom the Care belongs
Of injur'd Love, ſhe recommends her Wrongs.

'Twas Night, and Sleep each wearied Body preſs'd,
Now were the Woods and cruel Seas at reſt;
The Stars had gently rowl'd half round their Way,
The furrow'd Field in peaceful Silence lay,
The Flocks, the painted Birds, all Kinds that keep
In braky Foreſts, or the chryſtal Deep,
Beneath the Veil of Night repoſing, ſhare
A ſweet Suſpenſion from their Toil and Care.
But not the Soul-ſick Queen; no healing Reſt
Comforts her Eyes, or enters in her Breaſt;
Her Cares encreaſe, the Tyrant Paſſion grows,
She's toſt uncertain in a Sea of Woes:
When thus debating with her ſelf ſhe ſaid,
What can I do, diſhonour'd, and betray'd?
To *Libyan* Princes of the Wrong complain,
Court their Alliance in an humble Strain,
Whoſe Suits ſo oft I anſwer'd with Diſdain?

Or wildly wander with the *Trojan* Fleet,
To all the *Trojans* would impoſe, ſubmit?
Are They ſo thankful for my former Aid?
And is the Bounty then ſo well repaid?
But ſay I could deſcend——'tis now a fear,
If the ſcorn'd *Dido* the proud Ships would bear:
Alas! loſt Woman, art Thou yet to trace
Laomedon's, infected, perjur'd, Race?
What, ſhall I croud among a vulgar Crew?
Be their Companion, and their Triumph too?
Or chaſe them, with *Sidonian* Bands enclos'd,
To the rough Winds and Waves afreſh expos'd;
And from their Native *Tyre* whom ſcarce I drew,
Force on freſh Wand'rings, and ſet Sail anew?
No: let the Sword thy frantick Pains diſpell,
Embrace that Death thou haſt deſerv'd ſo well.
All Sifter, 'tis to you theſe Ills I owe,
You ſaw my Tears, took Pity on the Woe,
And gave me up defenceleſs to the Foe;

Why paſs'd I not my guiltleſs Days at Eaſe?
Free as the ſavage Race, no Cares like theſe:
The Faith I ow'd *Sichæus*, I betray'd.
Such ſad Reflexions on her Fall ſhe made.
In his tall Ship repos'd *Æneas* lay,
Firm to depart, and fitted for the Way:
When, in a Dream, again the God appears,
And ſounds a ſecond Warning in his Ears.
The Form was all *Cyllenius*, Shape, and Air,
Complexion, Voice, freſh Limbs, and golden Hair.
O Goddeſs born, art Thou in Slumbers laid,
Thoughtleſs of Dangers that ſurround thy Head?
Infatuated ſure thy Soul muſt be;
Sleep'ſt Thou when the freſh Zephyrs call to Sea?
Great is the Miſchief in her Breaſt ſhe forms,
She dooms to die, and with Reſentment ſtorms:
While thou haſt Pow'r, why mak'ſt thou not away?
Should Morn o'ertake thee in thy fond Delay,
Thou'lt

Thou'lt ſee ſwift Gallies bounding o'er the Seas;
And dreadful from the Shore the Torches blaze;
Shake off thy Trance; a wav'ring thing, and light
Is Woman. Having ſaid, he mix'd with Night.
Mated with the Viſion, *Æneas* then
Starts ſudden from his Sleep, and rates the Men;
Wake, wake ye *Trojans*, to your Oars repair,
Hoiſt Sail; the God, the God, thro' Tracts of Air
Deſcending, calls us to depart again,
Our Cables cut, and ruſh into the Main.
O dread Divinity, whate'er thy Sway,
Thy *Trojans*, lo! again thy Voice obey;
Oh preſent be, ſhoot down auſpicious Light
From thy bright Manſions, and conduct our Flight.
Then out the Sheath his flaming Blade he drew,
The Haulſers at a Stroke aſunder flew:
All ardent are alike, they ſnatch, they ſcour,
The Shores give back, the Sea lies cover'd o'er,
The Waters foam before the ſweeping Oar.

Aurora now began her Beams to ſpread
On Earth, upriſing from *Tithonus'* Bed;
When, from a Tow'r, the Queen ſaw brightning Day,
With driving Sails the Navy gale away;
No Ship within the Port, nor near the Shore:
Then how her Breaſt ſhe ſmote, her golden Hair ſhe tore.
Oh *Jove*, and ſhall the Traytor go? ſhe cry'd;
Thus by a Stranger is my Land defy'd?
Why ruſh they not to Arms? in Throngs purſue.
Oh board him, ſink him, him, and all his Crew.
Bear down ye *Tyrians*, the falſe Man repay
With Flames and Darts, ſet Sail, and ſtretch away.
Where am I, or where drive theſe wild Debates?
Ah hapleſs *Dido*, now deep wound the Fates!
Thus, thus, ſhouldſt Thou have rav'd, thus, thus,
have done,
When firſt thou mad'ſt him Partner of thy Throne.
Is this the Man that reſcu'd from the Fire
His Houſhold Gods? this He that bore his Sire,

To your dead Queen theſe grateful Off'rings pay,
Let neither Love nor League each People ſway;
And from my Aſhes ſpring Thou up one Day,
Some fierce Avenger, and the Wrong repay;
With Deſolation ſcourge the *Dardan* Swains,
Now, or hereafter, as the Pow'r obtains:
Let Shore to Shore in Oppoſition riſe,
Seas war with Seas, and Arms on Arms reprize;
In Fields of Slaughter let our Sons contend,
And down to lateſt Times the Rage deſcend.

She ceas'd; and turn'd her Thoughts on ev'ry Way,
Sooneſt to quit the loathſom Light of Day.
To *Barcé* then, *Sichæus'* Nurſe, ſhe ſaid
(Her own long ſince in antient *Tyre* lay dead)
My deareſt *Barcé*, let it be you Care
To call my Siſter, let her ſtrait prepare,
Her Limbs to ſprinkle with the living Spring,
Each expiatory Gift and Victim bring;

Avenging Furies, and ye Gods that wait
To finiſh the Remains of *Dido*'s Fate,
To my Diſtreſs, ye Pow'rs, incline an Ear,
And theſe my dying Vows, in Juſtice, hear:
If ſafe to Land this impious Man muſt go,
If Fate ſticks here, and *Jove* will have it ſo,
Yet by a bold and warlike People worn,
Chas'd from his Realms, from his *Iülus* torn,
To foreign States for Succour let him ſue,
His Friends inglorious periſh in his View;
And when on humble Terms he craves a Peace,
Let his wiſh'd Life at once, and Kingdom ceaſe:
Untimely let him fall, unburied lie,
A hateful Spectacle in every Eye:
This what I beg, and in my dying Hour,
Theſe my laſt Wiſhes with my Blood I pour:
Then all the Race, and their Deſcendants far,
Ye *Tyrians* perſecute with endleſs War,

To

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Her Limbs to ſprinkle with the living Spring,
Each expiatory Gift and Victim bring;

And you with holy Fillets bind your Brow;
I ſtand, determin'd, to accompliſh now
The Rites to *Stygian Jove*, my Anguiſh free,
And to the Flames commit the *Trojan*'s Effigy.
Barcé put forward with an aged Zeal;
But the Queen trembling, all unſet, and pale,
With Eyes fierce rowling, black, and quiv'ring Cheeks,
Swift to the deſtin'd Place a Paſſage breaks,
And furious mounts the Pile, the Sword unſheath'd,
For gentler Uſes by its Lord bequeath'd.
And when ſhe ſaw his Garments, and the Bed;
Her Body down, without Reſerve, ſhe laid,
Suppreſs'd her Tears, compos'd her Mind, and ſaid:
While Fate, and *Jove* allow'd, ye Pledges dear,
Receive this Soul, and eaſe me of my Care:
I've run my Courſe, and now a Spectre go,
To mix, in larger Form, with Shades below:

I've

I've built a City, my own Walls survey'd,
Reveng'd *Sichæus*, the dire Deed repaid;
Too happy were the State I now could boast,
Had never *Trojan* landed on our Coast.
Then pressing with her Face the fatal Bed,
And must I die, and unreveng'd? she said;
But die I will:
That cruel Man, these Flames shall pierce his Sight,
These Omens of my Death attend his Flight.
Scarce had she spoke, when her Attendants saw
Their Royal Mistress fall'n beneath the Blow;
The reeking Sword, her Blood-bespatter'd Hands:
Up to the vaulted Roof a Shriek ascends,
And Fame loud revelling the City rends.
With Howls, Laments, and Women's Cries all round,
The Houses tremble, and the Skies resound:

As if the Foe forc'd in, by hoſtile Ire,
Carthage Foundations ſhook, or antient *Tyre*,
And Men and Gods involv'd, one raging Fire.
Beating her Breaſts, her Face deform'd with Blood,
The breathleſs *Anna* preſſes thro' the Crowd,
And on her dying Siſter calls aloud.
Tended all this thy Siſter to enſnare?
Did this, theſe Altars, Fires, and Pile prepare?
Oh! where, forſaken, ſhall I firſt complain?
Dying, thy Siſter didſt thou then diſdain?
We ſhould have join'd, the ſame our Fate haye been,
One Hour, one Sword, one Grief our Fall have ſeen.
And rais'd theſe Hands this Pile!
Sought I for this our Patron God's Relief?
Cruel I was, to leave thee to thy Grief.
Ah! Thou haſt ruin'd, with the fatal Blow,
Self, Siſter, Senate, and thy City too.

Here,

Here, give me Water, let me wash the Wound;
If the leaſt wand'ring Cloud of Breath be found,
I'll ſuck it in: then up the Pile ſhe tore,
Embrac'd her as ſhe lay, lamenting ſore,
And with her Linnen wip'd the clotted Gore.
To lift her loaded Eyes the Queen began,
But ſoon the feeble Lids cloſe down again,
Bubbling, beneath her Breaſt, a Torrent ran.
Thrice, bearing on her Arm, ſhe rais'd her Head,
Thrice, rolling back, ſunk down upon the Bed.
Then ſought, with wand'ring Eyes, the Light of [Day.
But groan'd moſt piteous as ſhe caught the Ray;
When, in Compaſſion to her ling'ring Pain,
Juno, to free her from ſo hard a Chain,
To delegated *Iris* gives in Charge,
Her Nerves to looſen, and her Soul enlarge.
For as, not by her Lot, nor any Crime,
But ſtung with Rage, ſhe dropt before her Time,

Hell's

Hell's Goddeſs had not ſhav'd her golden Crown,
And to the gloomy Manſions doom'd her down;
So *Iris* on her dewy Wings deſcends,
And *Sol*, oppos'd, a thouſand Glories lends;
Then hov'ring o'er her Head, To *Pluto* be
An Off'ring this; and thus I ſet Thee free.
She ſaid, and cut the Hair: when ſwift withdrew
All vital Heat, and up her Spirit flew.

ON

ON MY
LORD *MARLBOROUGH.*

WHILE other Chiefs to Fame their Vows repeat,
On Thee, uncourted, ſhall the Goddeſs wait;
Truth ſhall erect for Thee a ſep'rate Throne;
Britannia and her *Marlbro'* ſtand alone.
Thy Head no flatt'ring Ornament ſhall wear,
Nor pompous by another's Art appear;
But faithful Time ſhall point where *Blenheim* ſtood,
And tell the Story of the *Danube*' Flood.

Written

Written in the Year 1714. *On ſeeing her Grace the Dutcheſs of* MONTAGUE *at Court.*

WITH Looks as fatal as her Father's Sword,
Like Him victorious, and like Him ador'd;
Where *Montague* appears, what Heart ſo ſteel'd,
But ſummon'd thus by Love muſt tamely yield?
Such Charms would win the Zealot from his Cell,
And teach his paſſive Senſes to rebell.
The Young with Tranſports unconceiv'd inſpire,
And ev'n in Age reſtore exhauſted Fire.
Her Size, her Shape, how juſt, how ſweet her Mien,
Peculiar Grace in ev'ry Feature ſeen;

Each

Each Sex by her with various Paſſions fir'd,
She's envy'd by her own, by ours admir'd.
Alas! your fruitleſs Strife forbear, ye Fair;
Gaul's Leaders may as well for Arms compare
With her great Sire; and when he takes the Field,
Ev'n o'er-grown Monarchs then are taught to yield.

Had *Ægypt*'s Queen with half the Luſtre ſhone,
Proud *Cæſar*'s ſelf a Conqueror had known;
His riſing Hopes of Empire had been croſt,
Ev'n *Cæſar* had the World with Tranſport loſt.

See here a Wonder yet ſuperior wrought,
The View defeated for which *Marlbro'* fought:
His matchleſs Dame eludes her Father's Toils,
Baffles his Conqueſts, and his Triumphs foils;
Subverts that Liberty the Hero gave,
While ſhe, his Off-ſpring, does the World enſlave.

On ſeeing her Grace the Dutcheſs of MONTAGUE *in the Park, in the Year* 1710.

WERE *Ida*'s Combat now renew'd,
Each Goddeſs to diſplay;
Their feebler Charms the Prize muſt yield,
That Shape would win the Day.

Juno with Rage had torn her Hair,
Pallas had known the Spleen;
Venus with Grief diſſolv'd in Tears,
Had ſhe e'er *Martia* ſeen.

Conſuſion

Confuſion would have ſeiz'd 'em all,
To ſee themſelves outdone;
To ſee their once unequall'd Charms,
United thus in one.

Hence 'tis our *Britiſh* Hero may
Jove's Rival well be ſaid;
A brighter Goddeſs ſprung from him,
Than from the Thund'rer's Head.

Nay could I gain the Realms above,
Thoſe Manſions of Seraphic Love;
Ev'n there could I no Rapture know,
So long as ſhe remain'd below.

Then, gentle Deity, deſcend,
For once thy love-ſick Swain befriend;
Behold I languiſh with Deſire,
Ev'n now in tort'ring Flames expire.

If e'er a hopeleſs Love, like mine,
To Pity could thy Soul incline,
Dread *Cupid*, potent God, aſſwage
My reſtleſs Paſſion's burning Rage.

Methinks I ſee thy conquering Bow,
That cruel Author of my Woe;
Thy Quiver graceful by thy Side,
Thy Darts, and all thy amorous Pride.

But what could all their Pity do?
It ſerv'd but to encreaſe her Woe:
For *Phaon* only 'twas ſhe pin'd,
'Twas *Phaon* only could be kind.

Like her I vent my Grief aloud,
While tender Nymphs around me croud,
Some would with friendly Counſel aid,
But all the cruel Cauſe upbraid.

Ev'n theſe ſweet Soothings of the Fair
Fail to divert my waſting Care;
From *Maria* only ſprings my Grief,
'Tis *Maria* only yields Relief.

Should all the beauteous Tribe prepare
Their am'rous Wiles my Soul t'enſnare,
Regardleſs, as my Fair of me,
Should I of them for ever be.